

Happily Ever After by **pipecocks**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: F/M

Language: English

Characters: Dustin Henderson, Eleven (Stranger Things), Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Karen Wheeler, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler

Relationships: Eleven/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

Mike and El's wedding. We all need something like this for ourselves!

1. Chapter 1

Author's Note:

Fluffy fanfic. Enjoy!!

The two people standing in front of the altar in the small church were perfect for each other. Like the syrup to the Eggos, the two loved each other more than anything else in the world. They'd both started the day awake. Literally. At 12:00 AM, both were wide awake lying in bed, El in her mother and Becky's house, and Mike at the Wheeler's. They'd both stared at the ceiling, thoughts of each other circling through their heads. When they'd finally decided to get up, around 5:45, both padded downstairs, their minds still racing. "What if he changes his mind?" El worried, balling an Eggo in her fist. "What if she'd be better off with someone else?" Mike asked himself, anxiously tapping his spoon against the edge of the cereal bowl in front of him. Eventually the two gave up on breakfast, resorting to going over their plans and trying to distract themselves. Mike picked up the small plastic dinosaur on his bedside table. He flicked the switch on the animal's back, making it roar. His mind flashed images of a twelve-year-old El in their La-Z-Boy, and he abruptly set it down to go shower. El walked around her room, kicking around empty Eggo boxes and opening and closing her windows telekinetically. Opening her closet door, she found a light blue dress, many sizes too small. Her mind blinked with memories of her arms around Mike's neck, those many years ago. She brushed tears from her eyes. By 8:00 both of them were starting to get ready. Gathered in Nancy's old room were Max, Nancy, El, and Kali. Perched on the stool in front of Nancy's mirror, El wouldn't stop fidgeting. "Stop moving!" A slightly impatient Max said, exasperated, as Nancy attempted to braid El's now shoulder-blade length brown curls. Two doors down, huddled on Mike's bed were Will, Steve, Jonathan, Dustin and Lucas. "Dude, calm down," Lucas said, putting his hand on Mike's bouncing knee. "Yeah," Jonathan said, looping his arm around the younger boy's shoulders. "Marriage is the best thing that'll ever happen to you," Back in Nancy's room, Karen stuck her head in. "Remember girls, ceremony is at two," and ducked out again. A glass vase on Nancy's old bureau shattered. El's nose dripped red, and she burst into tears.

"Come on!" Max cried, watching the mascara she's worked so hard on drip down her friend's face. Receiving glares from the other girls, she hugged El, comforting her with a smile. "What's wrong?" Kali asked in her low voice. El sobbed, "What if he changes his mind? What if he's never actually been in love with me?" Nancy stifled a laugh. "He's my brother El!" She cried. "All my life, I've seen his ups and down, scrapes and bumps, bruises and accomplishments. And never have I ever seen him more happy than when he's with you. Never have I seen him more depressed than when you disappeared. You two are meant to be. Now pick up your head, and do it! He's the love of your life," El smiled through the dripping mascara, and wiped her eyes hesitantly. "Oh, and don't worry about ruining your makeup," Nancy whispered jokingly. "Hey!" Max said, mock indignantly.

At exactly two o'clock PM, Mike waited at the altar, his hands clasped tightly, rocking back and forth on his heels, decked out in a tuxedo and bow tie, a poppy in his button hole, his pale skin nearly white. The doors of the small church opened, revealing Eleven, her hair swept up in an elegant crown braid, her simple white dress flaring out behind her. She clutched roses which matched the one in Mike's jacket, and the ones in her hair. A beautiful smile filled her face as she walked down the aisle, passing Joyce, Will, Jonathan, Nancy, Hopper, Dustin, Karen, Ted, Kali and her gang, Lucas, Erica, Max, Holly, Terry and Becky, etc

Joy brimmed from her and Mike's eyes as she continued to the altar. As she reached the front of the church, the pair took each other's hands, smiling and gazing into each other's eyes. The priest recited the lines about everlasting love, and walking together in God's garden and all that. Then, it was Mike's turn. "I remember the first time I saw you," he started slowly, bringing his eyes up from the floor to face El, "Soaked to the bone, with only that yellow t-shirt on. Your hair was gone, and your face was covered in dirt and blood. But still, I loved you. I loved you when you made those lab assistants bleed to death. I loved you as you vanquished the Demogorgon. I loved you when you stared at me from outside my curtains, as they were telling me to reveal you. I loved you even when the only thing you could say was 'no' and 'yes'. Eleven, you are the most amazing and beautiful woman I know, and I cannot say how happy I am to be spending the rest of my life with you." The assembly clapped, and Karen, Joyce, and Becky started dabbing their eyes. Then it was El's

turn. "Mike. The first person who'd ever really cared about me. The first person who protected me, who fed me, who worried, who loved me. I saw your crooked smile, I saw your eyes and I felt myself falling in love. The first person who didn't just know me as a number or a lab animal, the first person who treated me as human, who understood I was more than just a lab rat. You melted my heart each time you smiled at me, every time you defended me. Even when you didn't know who I was, you let me into your house, gave me a place in your heart. You cared about me more than anyone ever has, and I will never forget that. Mike, short for Michael. El, short for Eleven. You. Me. Us," she smiled and blushed. Everyone in the church was waiting for the words that were sure to bring a happily ever after, "You may kiss the bride."

2. 2 Years Later...

Summary for the Chapter:

A little darker...

El started awake. Running her hands through her long curly hair, she surveyed her surroundings. Staring around the room she was in, she recognized a painting of a small house and barn, a lamp decorated with buttons of every size and color, and a narrow bedside table next to her. She squinted, racking her brain for the memories she had of where she was. She gripped the blue quilt in her hand, then started and turned at a sudden sigh from beside her. Breathing a sigh of relief, El closed her eyes and laid down again, leaning into Mike's chest, breathing in his familiar scent. In the two years they'd been living together, things like this had often happened. El would wake up from a nightmare or a painful memory or just jolt up, suddenly awake. Mike would always be there, peacefully breathing beside her, a concrete reminder of who she'd become and all that she'd left behind.

The next morning, El woke to the feeling of arms around her waist and soft kisses being pressed against the back of her neck. She groaned, smiled and reached behind her to entwine her fingers in Mike's silky black hair. Rolling to face him, she kissed her soulmate good morning, then sat up in bed squinting out the windows through the bright sunlight. Checking the clock beside their bed, El breathed a sigh of relief. It was Saturday, which meant she didn't have to be anywhere all day, that she could lie here in bed with Mike for forever if she wanted. But things had to be done. So she pushed off the covers, stood and stretched, walking across the room to her bureau and picked up her hair brush. Starting to untangle her chocolate-brown curls, she glanced behind her to see Mike staring at her, a lazy smile on his face. "What?" She said, pausing her morning ritual to glance at her husband. He shook his head, pushing himself up, sending his curly hair flying around his head, "You're just so beautiful," he said, getting up and padding over to El, slipping his arms around her waist. El snorted, turning to look at herself in the mirror, Mike's chin now resting on the top of her head. His face turned serious, "I'm not joking El," he said, slipping his fingers into

hers, "We're so lucky to have each other. Out of seven billion other people you were the one I got to meet, the one I needed to meet, the one I waited my whole life for," she smiled at them in the mirror, swatting at him with her brush. "Mr. Fancy Statistics," she said, leaning against him, "Go make breakfast," he smiled, running a hand through his hair and kissing El on the top of her head, then padded out of the room. El smiled after him, so blissfully happy with her life. When she walked downstairs, still in her pajamas, Mike was in the kitchen making eggs and toast. As the pan sizzled on the stovetop, the doorbell rang. Hopping off her barstool, El walked down the front hall to their door, Mike craning his neck after her. Opening the door, El gasped. Lucas and Max, clothes torn, faces bloody nearly collapsed into the house. Lucas holding a half-conscious Max in his arms, looked into El's eyes, "They found us,"

Mike paced back and forth across the living room floor, running his fingers anxiously through his hair. Lucas sat on the couch, hugging a blanket around himself, trying not to upset his bandaged arm. "I told you," Lucas said, sipping a mug of tea. "They found us. Ransacked the house. Tried to kidnap us. Max barely made it out. God I'd never been so scared in my entire life," Mike pressed for more details, plopping down on the couch next to his friend, "How many were there?" Lucas shrugged, "I don't know. Maybe five or six. The point is, they're looking for us again. Max, El and I. We're not safe. We may never be," both men shivered, thinking of the terrible things that might await them.

Upstairs El comforted a sobbing Max. "It was hell," Max's body heaved, her red hair tangled and clumped with dried blood, "I'll never forget it El. The guns, the fire. There were just too many. I don't know how we made it out alive," El rubbed her friend's shoulder comfortingly, sympathizing with Max, while also trying to figure out a plan. Reading Max's tear-stained face gave her the answer she needed. "They're after us," El whispered, both to herself and Max. "They won't rest until they find us. We're not safe,"

Back in Hawkins, Nancy Byers jolted awake. A normal Saturday morning right? Jonathan was right there next to her, the clock read 10:30 and the sunlight streamed through the curtains. But something was missing. Rubbing her eyes groggily, Nancy stumbled to the window. Squinting into the sunlight, she glimpsed a blue and white van pulling away. Suddenly wide awake, Nancy bolted out of the

room and across the hall. The sheets of the twin beds were crumpled, and spots of blood covered the pillowcases. Nancy heard herself scream.

Notes for the Chapter:

There weren't originally supposed to be more chapters, but I was bored so here you go!